

## "Good News from Home."

A more pathetic song than the following has never been sung by minstrel, or swelled the throat of human songster:

Good news from home, good news from me,  
Has come across the deep blue sea,  
From friends that I have left in tears,  
From friends that I have not seen for years,  
And since we parted long ago,  
My life has been a scene of woe;  
But now a joyful hour has come,  
For I have heard good news from home.

No father's near to guide me now,  
No mother's tear to soothe my brow,  
No sister's voice falls on mine ear,  
No brother's voice to give me cheer;  
But though I wander far away,  
My heart is full of joy to-day,  
My friends across the ocean foam,  
Have sent to me good news from home.

When shall I see that cottage door,  
Where I've spent years of joy before?  
'Twas then I knew no grief or care—  
My heart was always happy there;  
Though I may never see it more,  
Or stand upon my native shore,  
Where'er on earth I'm doomed to roam,  
My heart will always cling to home.

## The Dred Scott Decision in Practice.

Slamming the last door of the first car and opening that of the second, the "gentlemanly conductor" of the New York train made his appearance with his bow and smile, and, "tickets, gentlemen, if you please!"

Seated in the front corner, surrounded by her personal conveniences, such as a carpet bag, umbrella, big bundle, little bundle, a few apples and pieces of cake, was a colored lady, whose face, the color of an inverted sauce-pan, contrasting with her snow-white ivory and eye-balls, gave that pleasing African expression which is so often the type of humor and good nature.

"Ticket, ma'am," says our conductor, with a civility regardless of color.

"Hasn't got 'em," she replied, "but I've got money, any way;" and she began to fumble in her bag, then in her bundles, searching these articles through in vain.

"Come hurry up!" exclaimed her now slightly impatient friend; "I can't wait all day."

"Bress yer soul, yer don't think I can find everything in a minute; but I've got money somewhere—must be in this yeh cawpet bag," and she felt in her pocket accordingly for the key.

"Well, well, I'll pass through, and when I get back perhaps you will have it ready."

"Yes, sartin," said Dinah; but as he passed along she reached out her umbrella, and giving him a poke on the shoulder, asked,

"What you gwoin to charge for freight?"

"Freight! what do you want to know that for?"

"Cause I does; I see civil, ain't I?"

"Well, five cents a foot; there, don't bother me any more, but find your money;" and he went his way.

There seemed to be a peculiar drollery about the lady's eye and mouth, as the one rolled around in its black sea of flesh, and the other opened to give vent to an involuntary "yah! ha!"

It was not long before she found her purse, and withdrew some coin, which she kept jingling in her hand, and she kept up her occasional cacklings.

In due time the conductor returned for his money, and upon extending his itching palm, was somewhat astonished at receiving the precise sum of ten cents.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "The fare to New York is five dollars."

"Yes, yes, I knows dat, for white folks—folks wat am folks—but I see nobody; I see freight, I see. Yah, yah! Poor rule as don't work bof ways; five cents a foot heah dey is!" said she, presenting a pair of enormous ambulators for the inspection of the conductor and us all.

The non-plussed functionary stood undetermined for a moment among the shouts of the passengers, until an idea of compromise occurred to him, as he exclaimed:—

"Well, if you are freight, take yourself off into the baggage car."

But even then Dinah was too much for him, as she exclaimed:—

"Jus' you pick up your freight if you want to cair um off!"

This settled the point. The conductor vanished, and Dinah offered a pious ejaculation:

"Lord bress dat ar' Preme Court, and gin 'em credit for five dollar bill, any way!"—*Boston Courier.*

A friend in speaking of Kansas, says:

"If you call a physician, he generally relieves you, if not of your disease, of your pocket-book. For the 'ahems' and a 'ha' I paid, in the last, twenty-seven dollars."

A young lady in Charleston, S. C., committed suicide because her lover kissed her on the cheek at parting instead of the lips, as usual. He had never been so "cruel," she said, and life had become a burden to her since that account.

Some crusty, rusty, rusty lusty, hasty, gusty, curmudgeon of a man, gave the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire engines—may they be like our old maid—ever ready, never wanted!"

## Who Marry and Have Children in America.

More than four-sevenths of the marriages in Massachusetts are among the foreign born. Why is it? For the most simple of reasons—the foreign born can afford to get married, and the native born cannot; and this must be, so long as our extravagant modes of life continue. In social life there never was a people tending to deeper and more destructive social corruption—and that is most evident from the records of all the courts, and the columns of all the newspapers—than Americans. Our fathers used to tell of the prodigality of Paris; their children tell of the mysteries of New York—a city not far behind any in Europe. And making proper allowances for size, how far is New York ahead of our other cities and towns? Once was the time when a wife was a "help meet;" now in thousands of cases you can change the "meet" to "eat," and make it read more truthfully.

We boast of our system of education; we have female high schools, female colleges, female medical schools, and female heavens. Our girls are refined, learned, and wise; they can sing, dance, play pianos, paint, talk French and Italian, and all the soft languages, write poetry, and love like Venuses. They are ready to be courted at ten years, and can be taken from school and married at fifteen, and divorced at twenty. They make splendid shows on bridal tours, can coquette and flirt at the watering places, and shine like angels at winter parties. But Heaven be kind to the poor wretch that marries in the fashionable circles. What are they at washing floors? Oh, we forgot; nobody has bare floors now; how vulgar that would be! What are they at making bread and boiling beef? Why, how thoughtless we are—to be sure they will board, or have servants. What are they at mending old clothes? But there we are again; the fashions change so often that nobody has old clothes but the rag men and the paper makers now! What are they at washing babies faces and pinning up their trowsers? And here is our intolerable stupidity once more; having children is left to the Irish! What lady thinks of having children about her now? Or, if she is so unfortunate, don't she put them with wet nurses to begin with, and boarding schools afterwards? We repeat—we have come to a point where young men hesitate and grow old before they can decide whether they can marry, and afterwards keep clear of bankruptcy and crime. What is the consequence? There are more persons living a single life—are there more leading a virtuous life? It is time for mothers to know that the extravagance they encourage is destructive of the virtue of their children; that all the foolish expenditures making to rush their daughters to matrimony are, instead of answering that end, tending to destroy the institution of marriage altogether.

Ladies, if a young man greets you in a loud, free and hearty tone; if he knows precisely where to put his hands; if he stares you straight in the eye, with mouth wide open; if he tells you who made his coat; if he eats heartily in your presence; if he fails to talk very kindly to your mother; if, in short, he sneezes when you are singing, criticizes your curls, or fails to be foolish fifty times every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world! He only admires you, let him be and say what he will.

On the other hand, if he be merry with every body else, but quiet with you; if he be anxious to see if your tea be sufficiently sweetened, and your dear person wrapped up when you go out in the cold, and talks very low, and never looks you steadily in the eye, it is enough. If he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, yet anxious of all your male friends, you may go ahead, and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him!

## Cutting it Thick.

The Yankees are generally supposed to possess more acuteness than any other people on the face of the globe, yet the following story will show that some of the Germans possess this faculty to a remarkable degree:

On one occasion, a German residing in the country came into Buffalo with hams to sell. Among the rest, he sold a dozen or two to a German hotel keeper, who afterwards, demonstrating the acuteness of his countrymen over the Yankee, said—

"You may talk 'bout your tam Yankees scheeting, but a Dutchman scheeted me much better as a Yankee never vas. He pringe me some hams—dey vas canvass nice, so pesser as you never see. I puy one, two dozen, all so nice; and if you pelieve, de scheet vas so magnificent dat I eat six, seven, eight of dem tam hams before I found out dey vas made of wood."

## Children.

Don your eye ever rest on a little child; whether in slumber or at play, and not see a natural grace pervading its whole attitude? Did you ever know a child, however naughty at times, that was not at other times a winning, loving creature? Did you ever see a child, even of indifferent looks, that had not after all a childish beauty? Perhaps you are an old bachelor, or an old maid, and can see nothing pretty in the little soiled face of a child—but are eternally thinking of the stains left on your Sunday garments by the little busy fingers.

We have often heard one of these fussy persons pity the happy head of a large family. They thought it must be the greatest misfortune to look around the morning table or the evening hearth, and count so many little heads, all looking to the one head for counsel and protection. They thought what a "slave's life" it must be, to be ever toiling to school those young minds, to clothe those bodies and provide them food. But the father thought not so. They were his blessings and his comfort, his hope and his pride. He was living his life over again in seeing those little ones growing up around him. He was a boy again when he watched his boys at their healthful sports, and thought how swiftly time has flown since he too was enjoying such play. The person who is so unfortunate as to dislike children, is deprived of a source of much happiness.

But take a real child-lover and you generally find in them a kind and affectionate disposition, and a love of all things beautiful and good.

We know what the old bachelor says:—"Sleepless nights, disordered rooms, and paragonic;" but after all, who that has pets does not expect trouble with them? This same old bachelor may be perhaps, the owner of a dog or two, or perhaps a half dozen cats, or something that makes just as much trouble as a child, with this exception—you can drive the animal from you when they grow troublesome. But in a child you have a little miniature of yourself, a being of thought and sense, capable of high and holy deeds and noble aspirations. A little heart that turns in love to you for every kindness, and which looks to you for solace in every childish trouble. Oh, children are precious—and who that has laid a little head low in the dust of the grave, and has listened for the last time to the loved cadence of the childish voice that once made glad music round the heart, and beholds no more forever the light of those beaming eyes—who that has passed through the fiery ordeal of separation, thinks not with me that they are precious? They teach us many things with their artless honesty, and remind us of many things, which we in our headlong career, have outgrown and forgotten. Little, puzzling questioners, whose genius often abash and perplex the older brains. Oh, ye who yet retain your darlings, prize them as they deserve.

Dodge Co., Wis., April, 1857.

## Idleness.

Never be idle a moment; never stand still, sit still, walk about unconcerned or indifferently. Keep the wheels rolling; keep doing, moving on, rolling on—don't stop, and when you do stop, always have before you a motive for the good and the useful.

Idleness is the bane, the moth, the gangrene, the curse of life. Idleness, lassitude, do-nothingism, fine and fashionable dressing, and novel reading have ruined more young men and women, than war, pestilence and famine. It is said truly of one, that passed away from earth, "She ate, she drank, she slept, she dressed, she danced, she died." Such may truly be said to be the history of many young men and women of the present day. They eat, they drink, they sleep they dress, they dance, and at last die, without having accomplished the great purposes of their creation.

## Brevity and Business.

If you have anything to say, say it at once, and leave compliments to leisure hours. What would you think of the man who would begin a business letter with all the antiquated formalities, such as "I take my pen in my hand to inform you that we are all enjoying a good degree of health, except myself, who has been affected with rheumatism; and I send this hoping it may find you enjoying the same blessing." If you have anything to say, especially to the public, say it quickly and as briefly as respectable language will permit. People don't read long stories now-a-days; they want something fresh, crisp, sharp, and to the point, something that makes them say, "Well, that man is wide-awake, he's up to the age; and going ahead; I'll give him a call." Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but it is also the life of business.

Poverty is like a panther—look it steadily in the face, and it will turn from you.

## Cupid.

A love-sick lassie writes to her adored in the following strain of deep feeling love:

"My dear sweet Ichabod. How I want to see your big grey eyes. O, how horror-stricken am I at your long absence. I want to see you and feel your heart bump. Oh, sweet Ichabod, now do come out, and let us get married if you love me, God bless you, if you are not sufficiently sweet. Oh, you mary gold, you holly hock; you tulip, you onion, you cabbage. Oh, you sweet owl, you monkey, do come and comfort your dying, smitten Catherine. Oh, Ichabod, but how I do love your big red lips. Oh, you trim, tall fellow, full of manna of sweet love, how I want to see you, model of perfection. You have been gone this two months, and to me it does seem like a hundred years.

Your dear presence would do me more good than the cooling springs to the parched traveler of the desert; more than the pebbled pool to the wanton duck—yes, more than a lump of sugar to a spoiled child. Why, then, will you not come? Yes, fly as swift as lightning to kiss the tears from the dimpled cheeks of your mad love. Oh, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the woods, and the world, without thee. Oh, yes, bless, thee, my dumplin, my jews-harp, my rooster, my gentleman."

"Will you have a *Daily Sun*?" said a news boy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a *daily son*? Why you little scapegrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home! No indeed I guess I won't have a *daily son*. My poor dear man used to complain awfully when I presented him with a *yearly son*. A *daily son* indeed! Begone you little upstart imp!" and the old woman called for the old turkey-tail fan to keep from swooning.

"Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" asked an Illinois magistrate of the masculine of a couple that stood up before him.

"Wall, squire, you must be a tarnal green hand to ask me such a question as that ar. Do you think that I'd be such a plaguey fool as to go to the bar hunt and take this argal from the quiltin' frolic, if I wasn't honscriptionally sartin and determined to have her. Drive on with your business, and don't ax foolish questions."

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—Sheet-iron quilts—blue noses—frosty rooms—ice in the pitcher—unregenerated linen—heelless socks—coffee sweetened with icicles—gutta percha biscuits—burnt steak—dull razors—corns, coughs, and cholics, rhubarb, aloes, misery, &c. Ugh!

MATRIMONY.—Hot buckwheat cakes—warm beds—comfortable slippers—smoking coffee—round arms—red lips—etc., etc.—shirts exulting in buttons—redeemed stockings—boot jacks—happiness, &c.

JUST SO.—A young buck of the soap lock order lately accosted a Yankee at one of our hotels as follows:—I say; fellow, some people say I am a Frenchman and some take me for an Etaylene—now what do you think I am? "Why, I think you're a d—d fool," replied Jonathan.

"Lizzie," said a curly headed boy of some five years, "isn't Sam Slade a buster?"

"Why, Charley?"

"Because the grammar says, positive buss, comparative buster, and I did see him give you such a positive buss."

Lizzie fainted.

HALF A REPORT.—"How this world is given to slander!" said a maiden to an English nobleman. "Can your lordship believe it—some of my malicious acquaintances say that I had twins."

"Madame," replied his lordship, "I make it a rule to believe only half I hear."

"This is a lively world. The slow coaches of old days won't answer now. There is no lukewarmness in life. A man must either make a stir or a noise, or hang his harp on the willow. If you want to go ahead, let the world know it; and they will help you along."

"Sal," cried a girl looking out of the upper-story window of a small grocery, and addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been converted, so when you want milk on San lays you will have to come in the back way."

Prayer night and morning—regular as a clock. The big book is opened, the harp tuned, every knee bows, from the least to the greatest—all is hush, still, solemn, fervent, interesting! Hush as heaven, joyful as glory, happy as eternity. Home, home, happy home, thus purified and sanctified!

A Western poet witnessed a pugilistic encounter, which he thus immortalized:

And Isaac pitched into him;  
And him pitched into he;  
The way they fyte it was a sin,  
And herrybel to see!

## PRAIRIE CITY, KANSAS TERRITORY.

The settlement of Kansas will be read in the future with great interest. The torments of her political history for the first two years will not astonish the future much more than her material prosperity and rapid settlement that so immediately succeeded the restoration of peace. The period of her fraternal civil war, for two years, was marked with greater brutality and danger than any other period since the formation of the Free State settlers by death, or removal from the country was fully determined upon by the men abetting and leading this unnatural warfare against their brothers, who had attempted to carve a home from this wild but beautiful country. Their oppressions have enlisted the sympathy, the talent, and the purse of the free North in behalf of their suffering brothers in the midst of these occidental regions. The tongues of old defenders of the cause of Freedom, united with many new ones—have been heard in our national councils, in warning and denunciation against the wrongs committed upon the rights of their countrymen.

The immigration into the Territory this spring with the large amount of capital, and the consequent rise of property, the founding and building up of new towns, is as natural as the former period was unnatural.

All the land of Eastern Kansas, for 100 miles back, is soon to be occupied, not excepting many of the Indian Reservations. The mania for town property, like a prairie fire, is now sweeping over the land. Many of these towns are only to have an existence on paper, with perhaps a location. None, however, are to be covered by swamps, or lakes, as in many of the new States of the West; for swamps and lakes do not exist in Kansas.

Many of these towns are to possess real life, and investments made in them are destined to yield a most bountiful return. These towns are located in different parts of the territory, and the eye of the sagacious speculator will soon discover them. With the map of Kansas in his hand, he will readily decide in his mind the lines that are to be the great commercial arteries of the country, through which are to ebb and flow the business of the country, and carry to the still farther west, the civilization and settlement that is now flowing in here.

## PRAIRIE CITY.

Is situated in the new Santa Fe road, forty-five miles west of Kansas City, and fifteen miles south of Lawrence. The commerce of New Mexico will soon be carried through this city, in wagons, each drawn by five or six pair of oxen or mules, carrying from four to six thousand pounds, and in trains of from ten to twenty miles each day. Passing through the town are roads running from Lawrence to Oswatimie, Peoria, Paola, Ohio City, Stanton, and all points in the Neesho and Potawatomi country, which have an immense trade.

The location of PRAIRIE CITY is not unequalled—certainly not surpassed—by any point on this road, at all suitable for a town. It lies on a beautiful piece of land gently sloping to the South, with a prominent bluff on the northern extremity, from which can be seen for a distance of thirty miles, the most enchanting scenery of the "Italy of America;" in speaking of which, the Rev. John Pierpont said, "God must make a lover like me, but it is very certain that he never has."

Bordering on the northern and southern extremities of the town are branches of the Ottawa creek, thus supplying it with an abundance of wholesome water. Both of these streams are lined with timber, from a quarter to a mile in breadth. The black walnut and the burr oak are the prevailing varieties, interspersed with blackberry, hickory, etc.; there is no pine or hemlock in Eastern Kansas. This timber is all taken by actual settlers, who reside on the ground. Claims with timber can be bought at this time, from five to fifteen hundred dollars.

## PRAIRIE.

As fine prairie as there is in this country, lies round about in this region. And many claims can yet be had within three, or four miles of the town.

## TIMBER.

There is a sufficient quantity of timber to supply the reasonable wants of the farmers, and for town purposes. And timber grows very fast in this country; the Locust can be grown from the seed in three or four years, sufficiently large for fence posts.

## FENCING.

A claim can hardly be found without sufficient stone on the same to fence it, and build all that is desired—Wire fence can be made at a cost of about forty cents a rod. This kind of fence would be, we think, the most available to start with; the Osage Orange will give protection to crops in about four years from the seed.

## STONE.

We have the best of building stone on the town site in great abundance. The cost of quarrying and hauling is about three dollars a cord. Lime and sand can be had at cheap rates, and in any quantities.

## WATER.

In this respect, we think, Prairie City has the advantage over many other towns in the country. While water, as a rule, is abundant, and of a good quality in the Territory, still it is of a better quality and more easily obtained in some localities than others. We think every citizen can have good water in his yard at an expense of from ten to twenty dollars. This, it will be acknowledged, is a desideratum of greater value than almost anything else. It must be a great draw-back to a town, where all the water is brought from a spring, or hauled from the river, or obtained by digging from fifty to eighty feet to obtain it.

## EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES.

We can truthfully say that in no part of Kansas Territory are the people so blessed with educational privileges as the people of this section. On "Liberty Hill," within the city site, is now being erected a Seminary, which is designed for four teachers. When completed it will be two stories in height, surmounted with an ornamented cupola. The M. E. Church (North) have located and design soon to commence erecting a University within three miles of here, which, when completed, will be the largest one west of the Mississippi river. With these facts in consideration, people in the States can have no grounds for hesitating to remove here for fear of depriving their children from educational privileges.

## PRAIRIE CITY.

Is fairly under way, with more improvements and better prospects than any other town on this great middle thoroughfare. Such is our position, that we defy successful competition. Our main street already has a business appearance, and several

buildings are now in process of erection. No place in the Territory will make greater returns to the capitalists for money invested than will Prairie City.

## TO MECHANICS.

No class is needed here more than mechanics. The most liberal inducements are offered them by the Association. One, two, and three lots are donated to them—according to the occupation pursued and the amount invested in improvements. Mechanical occupations of every description can be followed here with great safety, affording harvests of profits to the engagers. Families emigrating from the States generally leave their household goods behind to avoid paying the exorbitant freightage up the Missouri, and consequently they rely upon the Territory for a re-fit-out. Thus it will be seen that the demand for everything indispensable for housekeeping must necessarily be great.

HIRAM MALLISTER, Pres't.

JNO. R. WINTON, Sec'y.

## GODEY'S BEST EFFORT!

Still greater attractions will be offered in Godey's Lady's Book for 1857.

Fifty-fourth and fifty-fifth volumes of the Pioneer Magazine! Especially devoted to the wants of the Ladies of America. This work has been the standard for twenty-seven years, and contains more brilliant

## ENGRAVINGS AND STORIES.

Than any other Periodical of the age.

Volume LIV. of Godey's Lady's Book commenced in Jan. 1857, and the Publisher and Proprietor would take this occasion to return his thanks to the Ladies of America for their steady patronage of their own book since its first publication in July, 1830, by the same publisher, a period of over twenty-seven years, a circumstance unparalleled in the Magazine Literature of the country. He would be wanting in common gratitude to that great Republic of Ladies, for whom it is his pride to say, that he was the first to commence a Magazine suited to their wants, and for whom he has catered longer and better than any other man in the Union, if he did not use all the means that a long experience and the command of money gives him, to make the best and most suitable work for those who have so liberally and so long patronized him; and he feels assured that so long as he may deserve it, by publishing the best Lady's Book in the country, so long will that encouragement be continued. It will be impossible for him to enumerate all that he intends to do this year, but he will again promise that the Book for 1857, shall surpass that of 1856. Let the result show.

## NEW FEATURES FOR 1857!!

A New and Very Interesting Story—by Metta Victoria Victor, (late Fuller) was commenced in the January number.

Miss Virginia F. Townsend, commenced one of her thrilling stories in the February number.

Marrio Harlan, author of "Alone" and "Hidden Path" will also contribute during the year.

Mrs. A. B. Neal, commenced in the January number, and will continue in every number a story of domestic nature.

Trials of an English Housekeeper, continued; also, Carolina Backwoods Sketches, by a celebrated author.

Pauline Forsyth, Mrs. S. J. Hale, Miss Virginia D'Forest, Mrs. E. F. Ellis, Mrs. Annie E. Porter, Mrs. Nichols, Miss A. T. Wilbur, Rev. Hastings Weld and W. Gilmore Simms, Esq., will all contribute during the year.

This is only giving an idea of our intentions for 1857—in short Godey's Lady's Book, will possess the interest of any other three Magazines. TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE!

One Copy one year, \$3.00 Two Copies \$5.00 Three copies for one year (in advance) \$6.00 Five Copies, and one extra to person making the club \$10.00. 8 copies one year and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making 9 copies for \$15.00; Eleven copies one year, 1 extra, \$20.00.

The only Magazine that can be introduced into any of the above clubs is Arthur's Home Magazine—one or more of that work can be included in the Club in place of the Lady's Book, if preferred.

Harper's Magazine and the Lady's Book, one year, for \$4.50 this is the only way we club with Harper's Magazine.

Club subscribers will be sent to any Post-Office where the subscriber may reside.

L. A. GODEY.

113, Chesnut st. Phila.

## S. S. PROUTY,

## REGISTER OF DEEDS,

Prairie City, Kansas.

Office in "Freemen's Champion" Block

## CLAIMS FOR SALE!!

Two miles from Prairie City, two splendid claims for sale—one with 80 acres timber, and 80 acres tip-top prairie, ten acres under cultivation with crop in for this season, and good log house. The other is a prairie claim with log house and some apple trees on it. They both will be sold reasonably.

Inquire at this office.

## BLACKSMITHING.

JOHN GRIFFITH would respectfully inform the citizens of Prairie City and vicinity that he is now prepared to execute all orders in the line of blacksmithing that may be given him. Having nearly recovered from the "ager," he can now promptly attend to his business, and will not only do his work in the best style, but will do it IMMEDIATELY. His terms are CASH.

Prairie City, June 25th 1857.—1-f

## O. WILMARTH,

## BOOK SELLER & STATIONER.

30 Mass. street, Lawrence, K. T.

## J. W. FENVOY & CO.,

## FORWARDING AND

## COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 4, Delaware City, Kansas.

## GIDEON ELIAS,

## PRACTICAL SURVEYOR

Prairie City, Kansas,

Has permanently located at Prairie City, and is prepared to make town plats, survey towns, and do everything in the line of his profession.

## WILLIAM GRAHAM, M. D.,

## PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Prairie City, Kansas,

Respectfully returns his thanks to the citizens of Prairie City, for their liberal patronage heretofore bestowed upon him, and hopes to merit a continuation of the same. He will devote his entire attention to the profession, and will pay particular attention at operations in surgery.

Office on Main street.